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II. Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories

Other Volumes in the Series are in preparation

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The Dumpy Books for Children

No. II. MRS. TURNER'S
CAUTIONARY STORIES.

Mrs. Turner's

Cautionary Stories

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS
1897

UCLA

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Introduction

THE sixty-nine Cautionary Stories that follow have been chosen from five books by Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, written for the pleasure and instruction of our little grandparents and great-grandparents. The books are *The Daisy*, *The Cowslip*, *The Crocus*, *The Pink* and *Short Poems*. Between the years 1810 and 1850 they were on the shelves of most nurseries, although now they are rarely to be met with. There was also *The Rose*, but from that nothing has been taken for these pages, nor are the original pictures again offered.

Except for these pictures, a frequent change of title, and a few trifling alterations for grammar's sake, the pieces selected are now printed exactly as at first.

Mrs. Turner's belief, as stated by Master Robert in the verses called "Books better than Toys" in *The Pink*, was that the children of her day, when they had money to spend and wanted a real treat, could not choose anything more suitable than her Cautionary Stories. The piece runs :

'My dear, as Robert is so good,
I'll give him what I said I would,
Two shillings for himself to spend ;
He knows the shop of our good friend.'

'Yes, I know well the pretty shop
Where folks, you know, so often stop
To view the prints. The windows—look !—
Are filled with toys and many a book.

'They have a thousand books and toys
For little girls and little boys;
At toys, indeed, I love to *look*,
But I prefer to *buy* a book.

'These two bright shillings, I suppose,
Will buy *The Cowslip* and *The Rose*;
And when two more I get, I think
I'll buy *The Daisy* and *The Pink*.'

In our own time Robert's opinion is not very widely shared: most of us would not care to give up a cannon or a doll in order that we might be cautioned; but Mrs. Turner is not the less an entertaining author because her volumes have fewer attractions for us than some of the things in a Christmas bazaar. She told her tales with such spirit: her verses are so straightforward, the rhymes come so pat at the end of the lines, and you may beat time with your foot and never be put out.

In another piece, "Kitty's Favourites," Mrs. Turner wrote :

> The stories Kitty likes so well,
> And often asks her aunt to tell
> Are all about good girls and boys.

Kitty's taste, like Robert's, is no longer general. The common view is that stories about bad children are more fun ; and therefore I think you will be amused by these pages. Whether or not punishment always did follow the offences as surely and swiftly as Mrs. Turner declares, I am not prepared to say. If you are in any doubt you had better ask your parents.

E. V. Lucas.

November 1897.

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Bad Boys and Good

THE WINDOW-BREAKER

Little Tom Jones
Would often throw stones,
And often he had a good warning;
And now I will tell
What Tommy befell,
From his rudeness, one fine summer's morning.

He was taking the air
Upon Trinity Square,
And, as usual, large stones he was jerking;
Till at length a hard cinder
Went plump through a window
Where a party of ladies were working.

Cautionary Stories

Tom's aunt, when in town,
Had left half a crown
For her nephew (her name was
Miss Frazier),
Which he thought to have spent,
But now it all went
(And it served him quite right) to
the glazier.

Note.—The foregoing story is stated to be "founded on fact."

A GUNPOWDER PLOT

"I HAVE got a sad story to tell,"
Said Betty one day to mamma :
"'Twill be long, ma'am, before John is well,
On his eye is so dreadful a scar.

"Master Wilful enticed him away,
To join with some more little boys ;
They went in the garden to play,
And I soon heard a terrible noise.

"Master Wilful had laid a long train
Of gunpowder, ma'am, on the wall ;
It has put them to infinite pain,
For it blew up, and injured them all.

Cautionary Stories

"John's eyebrow is totally bare;
Tom's nose is bent out of its place;
Sam Bushy has lost all his hair;
And Dick White is quite black in the face."

Note.—As a matter of fact, a train of gunpowder does not make a terrible noise; it makes hardly any noise at all—a mere *pfff!* and though John, Sam Bushy, and Dick White are shown to have been hurt as they might have been, a train of gunpowder could not bend Tom's nose, it could only burn it. Probably Mrs. Turner did not often play with explosives herself, and therefore did not know. Master Wilful seems to have escaped altogether.

PETER IMITATES THE CLOWN

Poor Peter was burnt by the poker one day,
When he made it look pretty and red ;
For the beautiful sparks made him think it fine play,
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happen'd his finger and thumb
Were terribly scorched by the heat ;
And he scream'd out aloud for his mother to come,
And stamp'd on the floor with his feet.

Now if Peter had minded his
mother's command,
His fingers would not have been
sore ;
And he promised again, as she
bound up his hand,
To play with hot pokers no
more.

BEN'S HEAVY PUNISHMENT

'Tis sad when boys are disinclin'd
To benefit by kind advice ;
No little child of virtuous mind
Should need receive a caution twice.

The baker on a pony came
(Oft us'd by them, and butchers too),
And little Ben was much to blame
For doing what he should not do.

They told him *not* to mount the horse ;
Alas ! he did ; away they flew ;
In vain he pull'd with all his force,
The pony ran a mile or two.

At length poor little Ben was thrown ;
Ah ! who will pity ? who's to blame ?
Alas ! the fault is all his own—
Poor little Ben for life is lame !

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"
cries little Jack,
With brush and bag upon his
back,
And black from head to foot;
While daily, as he goes along,
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"
is all his song,
Beneath his load of soot.

But then he was not always black.
Oh no! he once was pretty Jack,
And had a kind papa;
But, silly child! he ran to play
Too far from home, a long, long
way,
And did not ask mamma.

So he was lost, and now must creep
Up chimneys, crying, "Sweep! sweep! sweep!"

Note.—This was written in the days when little boys, like Tom in *Water Babies*, were sent actually up the chimneys to clean them out.

THE FIGHTING WICKET-KEEPER

In the schoolroom the boys
All heard a great noise.
Charles Moore had just finish'd his writing,
So ran out to play,
And saw a sad fray :—
Tom Bell and John Wilson were fighting.

He cried, "Let's be gone,
Oh, come away, John,
We want you to stand at the wicket ;
And you, Master Bell,
We want you as well,
For we're all of us going to cricket.

"Our playmates, no doubt,
Will shortly be out,
For you know that at twelve study ceases;
And you'll find better fun
In play, ten to one,
Than in knocking each other to pieces."

THE GOOD SCHOLAR

Joseph West had been told,
That if, when he grew old,
He had not learned rightly to spell,
Though his writing were good,
'Twould not be understood:
And Joe said, "I will learn my task well."

And he made it a rule
To be silent at school,
And what do you think came to pass?
Why, he learnt it so fast,
That from being the last,
He soon was the first in the class.

THE GOOD SCHOLAR FIGHTS

One afternoon as Joseph West,
The boy who learnt his lesson best,
Was trying how his whip would crack,
By chance he hit Sam Headstrong's back.

Enraged, he flew, and gave poor Joe,
With all his might, a sudden blow:
Nor would he listen to one word,
When Joe endeavoured to be heard.

Joe, finding him resolved to fight,
For what was accidental quite,
Although he never fought before,
Beat Headstrong till he'd have no more.

THE DEATH OF THE GOOD SCHOLAR'S FOE

"My dear little Ned,"
His grandmamma said,
"I think I have caution'd you twice;
I hope you'll take heed,
I do, love, indeed,
And I beg you'll not venture on ice.

"Good skaters, I know,
On the ice often go,
And also will others entice,
When there has not been frost
Two days at the most,
And when very thin is the ice."

He went to the brook,
Resolv'd but to look,

And though he could slide very
nice,
And the slides were *so long*,
He knew 'twould be wrong,
So he did not then go on the ice.

He wisely behav'd,
And his life thus he sav'd ;
For Sam Headstrong (who ne'er
took advice)
Went where it was thin—
Alas ! he fell in :
He sank, and went under the ice.

ROBERT'S THOUGHTLESS BROTHERS

Robert, when an infant, heard
Now and then a naughty word,
Spoken in a random way
By his brothers when at play.
Was the baby then to blame
When he tried to lisp the same?

No! he could not, whilst so young,
Know what words were right or wrong,
But for boys who better knew,
Punishment was justly due,
Which the thoughtless brothers met
In a way they won't forget.

JOE'S LIGHT PUNISHMENT

As Joe was at play,
Near the cupboard one day,
When he thought no one saw but himself,
How sorry I am,
He ate raspberry jam,
And currants that stood on the shelf.

His mother and John
To the garden had gone,
To gather ripe pears and ripe plums;
What Joe was about
His mother found out,
When she look'd at his fingers and thumbs.

And when they had dined,
Said to Joe, "You will find,
It is better to let things alone ;
These plums and these pears
No naughty boy shares,
Who meddles with fruit not his own."

FALSEHOOD "CORRECTED"

When Jacky drown'd our poor cat
Tib,
He told a very naughty fib,
And said he had not drown'd her;
But truth is always soon found out—
No one but Jack had been about
The place where Thomas found
her.

And Thomas saw him with the cat
(Though Jacky did not know of
that),
And told papa the trick;
He saw him take a slender string
And round poor Pussy's neck then
swing
A very heavy brick.

Cautionary Stories

His parents being very sad
To find they had a boy so bad,
To say what was not true,
Determined to correct him then ;
And never was he known again
Such naughty things to do.

THE SUPERIOR BOYS

Tom and Charles once took a walk,
To see a pretty lamb;
And, as they went, began to talk
Of little naughty Sam;

Who beat his younger brother, Bill,
And threw him in the dirt;
And when his poor mamma was ill,
He teased her for a squirt.

"And I," said Tom, "won't play with Sam,
Although he has a top":
But here the pretty little lamb
To talking put a stop.

GEORGE'S CURIOUS TASTE

On George's birthday
Was such a display!
He was dress'd in a new suit of clothes;
And look'd so genteel,
With his buttons of steel,
And felt quite like a man, I suppose.

Now at tea, with much care,
He partakes of his share,
Nor spills it, as careless boys do;
He is always so clean,
And so fit to be seen,
That his clothes, you would think, were just new.

Yet George loves to play,
And is lively and gay,
But is careful of spoiling his dress;
So a pinafore wears,
Which he likes, he declares;
And I think he is right, I confess.

THOMAS BROWN'S DISAPPOINTMENT

YOUNG Alfred with a pack of cards
Could make a pancake, build a house,
Would make a regiment of guards,
And sit as quiet as a mouse.

A silly boy, one Thomas Brown,
Who came to dine and spend the day,
Took great delight to throw it down,
Then, rudely laughing, ran away.

And what did little Alfred do?
He knew lamenting was in vain,
So patiently, and wisely too,
He, smiling, built it up again.

CONSIDERATE PHILIP

When Philip's good mamma was ill,
The servant begg'd he would be still;
Because the doctor and the nurse
Had said that noise would make her worse.

At night, when Philip went to bed,
He kiss'd mamma, and whisp'ring said,
"My dear mamma, I never will
Make any noise when you are ill."

THE MODELS

As Dick and Bryan were at play
At trap, it came to pass
Dick struck the ball, and far away,
He broke a pane of glass.

Though much alarmed, they did not run,
But walk'd up to the spot;
And offer'd for the damage done
What money they had got.

When accidents like this arise,
Dear children! this rely on:
All honest, honourable boys
Will act like Dick and Bryan.

POLITENESS

Good little boys should never say,
"I will," and "Give me these";
Oh no! that never is the way,
But, "Mother, if you please."

And, "If you please," to sister Anne,
Good boys to say are ready;
And, "Yes, sir," to a gentleman,
And, "Yes, ma'am," to a lady.

RICHARD'S REFORMATION

Miss Lucy was a charming child,
She never said, "I wont";
If little Dick her playthings spoil'd
She said, "Pray, Dicky, don't."

He took her waxen doll one day,
And bang'd it round and round;
Then tore its legs and arms away,
And threw them on the ground.

His good mamma was angry quite,
And Lucy's tears ran down;
But Dick went supperless that night,
And since has better grown.

JAMES'S SACRIFICE

Little James, full of play,
Went shooting one day,
Not thinking his sister was nigh;
The arrow was low,
But the wind raised it so,
That it hit her just over the eye.

This good little lad
Was exceedingly sad
At the pain he had given his sister;
He look'd at her eye,
And said, "Emma, don't cry,"
And then, too, he tenderly kiss'd her.

She could not then speak,
And it cost her a week
Before she recover'd her sight ;
And James burn'd his bow
And his arrows, and so
I think little James acted right.

THE EXCELLENT LORD MAYOR

"Oh dear papa!" cried little Joe,
"How beautiful the Lord Mayor's show!
In that gold coach the Lord Mayor see—
How *very* happy he must be!"

"My dear," the careful parent said,
"Let not strange notions fill your head:
'Tis not the gold that we possess
That constitutes our happiness.

"The Lord Mayor, when a little boy,
His time did properly employ;
And, as he grew from youth to man,
To follow goodness was his plan.

"And that's the cause they love
him so,
And cheer him all the way they go;
They love him for his smiling face
More than for all his gold and lace."

CLEVER LITTLE THOMAS

When Thomas Poole
First went to school,
He was but scarcely seven,
Yet knew as well
To read and spell
As most boys of eleven.

He took his seat,
And wrote quite neat,
And never idly acted ;
And then beside
He multiplied,
Divided, and subtracted.

His master said,
And stroked his head,
"If thus you persevere,
My little friend,
You may depend
Upon a prize next year."

WILLIAM'S ESCAPE

'Tis winter, cold winter, and William has been
To look at the place on the pool
Where Henry was drown'd by the ice breaking in,
About half a mile from the school.

And Henry was told on that very same day
He must not go into that field,
But then, as he thought, if he did disobey,
The fault might for once be conceal'd.

A lesson for William, who hangs down his head,
Without any spirits for play;
His favourite friend and companion is dead
Because *he would have his own way.*

Good Girls and Bad

REBECCA'S AFTERTHOUGHT

Yesterday Rebecca Mason,
  In the parlour by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin,
  Plac'd upon the mantel-shelf.

Quite alarm'd, she thought of going
  Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing
  Of her being there that day.

But Rebecca recollected
  She was taught deceit to shun ;
And the moment she reflected,
  Told her mother what was done ;

Who commended her behaviour,
Lov'd her better, and forgave her.

A HINT TO MARY ANNE

"MAMMA, dear mamma," cried in haste Mary Anne,
As into the parlour she eagerly ran,
"I hear that a giant is just come to town,
So tall, he is often obliged to stoop down;
Oh, pray let us see him, oh, do let us go;
Indeed, dear mamma, he's a wonderful show."

"You are earnest, my love, and shall not be denied,"
Her truly affectionate mother replied.
"A lady this morning has also arrived

Cautionary Stories

Who of arms and of legs from her birth was deprived,
Yet is in a number of ways as expert
As if she were able these limbs to exert.

"We'll visit Miss Beffin to-morrow, and then
I'll speak of the giant and lady again;
You are not mistaken, his overgrown size
We cannot behold without feeling surprise,
Whilst Beffin's example most forcibly stands
A silent rebuke to all — *indolent hands*."

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER

MARIA intended a letter to write,
But could not begin (as she thought) to indite,
So went to her mother with pencil and slate,
Containing "Dear Sister," and also a date.

"With nothing to say, my dear girl, do not think
Of wasting your time over paper and ink;
But certainly this is an excellent way,
To try with your slate to find something to say.

"I will give you a rule," said her mother, "my dear,

Just think for a moment your sister
is here :
And what would you tell her? con-
sider, and then,
Though silent your tongue, you can
speak with your pen."

NEWS FOR PAPA

When Sarah's papa was from hom
a great way,
She attempted to write him a
letter one day.
First ruling the paper, an excellent
plan,
In all proper order Miss Sarah
began.
She said she lamented sincerely to
tell
That her dearest mamma had been
very unwell ;
That the story was long, but that
when he came back,
He would hear of the shocking be-
haviour of Jack.

Cautionary Stories

Though an error or two we by chance may detect,
It was better than treating papa with neglect ;
And Sarah, when older, we know will learn better,
And write single "I" with a capital letter.

MARIA'S CHARITY

Maria's aunt, who lived in Town,
Once wrote a letter to her niece,
And sent, wrapp'd up, a new half-crown,
Besides a pretty pocket-piece.

Maria jump'd with joy and ran
To tell her sister the good news;
She said, "I mean to buy a fan,
Come, come along with me to choose."

They quickly tied their hats, and talk'd
Of yellow, lilac, pink, and green;
But far the sisters had not walk'd,
Before the saddest sight was seen.

Upon the ground a poor lame man,
Helpless and old, had tumbled down ;
She thought no more about the fan,
But gave to him her new half-crown.

THE NEGLECTED TURK

Miss Alice was quietly seated at
work
When Susan, her cousin, came
quite in a hurry,
Exclaiming, "Come, Alice, and
look at a Turk,
Oh, if you don't see him, I shall be
so sorry.

"His dress is so grand, but you don't
seem to stir."
"I cannot," said Alice, "mamma
has requir'd me
To stop in this room; I am waiting
for her,
And hope I shall finish the work
she desir'd me."

"All nonsense," said Susan, "I beg
you will come";
But Alice resolv'd on obedient
behaviour,
For which she felt glad, when her
mother came home,
And gave her a smile of approval
and favour.

PRIDE AND PRIGGISHNESS

"See, Fanny," said Miss Charlotte Pride,
"How fine I am to-day:
A new silk hat, a sash beside;
Am I not very gay?

"Look at my necklace—real pearls!
My ear-rings, how they shine;
I think I know some little girls
Would like to be as fine."

Said Fanny, "Your papa, 'tis true,
Your dress can well afford;
But if you think I envy you,
I don't—upon my word.

"My father loves to see me dress
Quite modest, neat, and clean;

In plain white muslin, I confess,
I'm happy as a queen.

"*Your* Parents after pleasures roam,
Not like papa, for he
Delights to stay with me at home—
Now don't you envy me?"

HOW TO LOOK WHEN SPEAKING

"LOUISA, my love," Mrs. Manners began,
"I fear you are learning to stare,
To avoid looking bold, I must give you a plan,
Quite easy to practise with care.

"It is not a lady's or gentleman's eyes
You should look at, whenever address'd,
Whilst hearing them speak, or in making replies,
To look at the *mouth* is the best.

"This method is modest and easy to learn,
When children are glad to be taught;
And ah! what a pleasure it is in return,
To speak and to look as you ought!"

ISABELLA'S PARACHUTE

Once as little Isabella
Ventured, with a large umbrella,
Out upon a rainy day,
She was nearly blown away.

Sadly frighten'd then was she,
For 'twas very near the sea,
And the wind was very high,
But, alas! no friend was nigh.

Luckily, her good mamma
Saw her trouble from afar;
Running just in time, she caught her
Pretty little flying daughter.

Note.—This story recalls the adventures of Robert at the end of *Struwwelpeter*. Robert, however, was not caught.

MARIA SNUBBED

Maria had an aunt at Leeds,
For whom she made a purse of beads ;
'Twas neatly done, by all allow'd,
And praise soon made her vain and proud.

Her mother, willing to repress
This strong conceit of cleverness,
Said, "I will show you, if you please,
A honeycomb, the work of bees !

"Yes, look within their hive, and then
Examine well your purse again ;
Compare your merits, and you will
Admit the insects' greater skill ! "

MATILDA'S EXTRAVAGANCE

That beautiful cottage not far from the road
In holiday time was Matilda's abode,
Who, taken one day by her aunt to the town,
Had put in her purse rather more than a crown :
'Twas either to keep, or to give, or to spend
In what she lik'd best, for herself or a friend :
Soon trinkets and ribbons in turn made her stop
To purchase a trifle at every shop,

Cautionary Stories

Before she remember'd the canvas
and wool
She intended to buy when her
purse appear'd full ;
Then wanted to borrow, a favour
her aunt
Refus'd, because very improper to
grant.
Young ladies' extravagance ought
to be met
By teaching them—*never to run
into debt.*

PAPA'S WATCHFULNESS

Mamma had ordered Ann, the maid,
Miss Caroline to wash ;
And put on with her clean white frock
A handsome muslin sash.

But Caroline began to cry,
For what you cannot think :
She said, " Oh, that's an ugly sash ;
I'll have my pretty pink."

Papa, who in the parlour heard
Her make the noise and rout,
That instant went to Caroline,
To whip her, there's no doubt.

ISABELLA'S DEFEAT

"Mamma, I quite dislike these
shoes,
I hope you'll send them back ;
They are so ugly ! I should choose
Much prettier than black !

"I thought you mention'd blue or
buff
When ordering a pair,
Or green I should like well enough,
But black I cannot bear ! "

Young Isabella's prattle o'er,
Her mother soon express'd
A wish that she would say no more,
Since *black* ones suited best.

Which, when the little lady heard,
She did not say another word.

THE TWO PATIENTS

Miss Lucy Wright, though not so tall,
Was just the age of Sophy Ball,
But I have always understood
Miss Sophy was not half so good:
For as they both had faded teeth,
Their teacher sent for Doctor Heath,
But Sophy made a dreadful rout,
And would not have hers taken out;
But Lucy Wright endured the pain,
Nor did she ever once complain.
Her teeth return'd quite sound and white,
While Sophy's ached both day and night.

FANNY'S BAD HABIT

Fanny Fletcher is forgetful,
Never wilful in her life,
Neither obstinate nor fretful,
Loving truth and shunning strife.

From a girl of so much merit,
May we not in time expect
She will show a proper spirit
One wrong habit to correct?

Friends will say it is a pity
If her resolution fails—
Fanny looks both good and pretty
When she does not bite her nails!

SARAH'S DANGER

THOSE who saw Miss Sarah gaping
In the middle of the day,
This remark were often making
On this dull and drowsy way :

"Half asleep, and yet she's waken !
If, poor child, she is not sick,
Some good method must be taken
To correct this idle trick."

THE HOYDEN

Miss Agnes had two or three dolls and a box
To hold all her bonnets and tippets and frocks ;
In a red leather thread-case that snapp'd when it shut,
She had needles to sew with and scissors to cut ;
But Agnes liked better to play with rude boys
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys.

Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom dress'd fit to be seen.

Cautionary Stories

I saw her one morning attempting
to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on
her toe :
The boys, who were present and
saw what was done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they call'd
it fine fun.

But I took her home, and the
doctor soon came,
And Agnes, I fear, will a long time
be lame :
As from morning till night she
laments very much,
That now when she walks she must
lean on a crutch ;
And she told her dear father, a
thousand times o'er,
That she never will play with rude
boys any more.

Note.—"Hoyden" is not used now. We say "Tomboy."

THE GIDDY GIRL

Miss Helen was always too giddy to heed
What her mother had told her to shun,
For frequently over the street in full speed
She would cross where the carriages run.

And out she would go to a very deep well,
To look at the water below ;
How naughty ! to run to a dangerous well,
Where her mother forbade her to go !

One morning, intending to take
but one peep,
Her foot slipp'd away from the
ground :
Unhappy misfortune ! the water
was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was
drown'd.

A WARNING TO FRANCES

As Frances was playing and turning
around,
Her head grew so giddy she fell to
the ground ;
'Twas well that she was not
much hurt ;
But, O what a pity ! her frock was
so soil'd
That had you beheld the un-
fortunate child,
You had seen her all cover'd
with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said,
"Do not cry,
And Mary shall wash you, and
make you quite dry,

If you'll promise to turn round
no more."
"What, not in the parlour?" the
little girl said.
"No, not in the parlour; for lately
I read
Of a girl who was hurt with the
door.

"She was playing and turning,
until her poor head
Fell against the hard door, and it
very much bled;
And I heard Dr. Camomile tell
That he put on a plaster and
cover'd it up,
Then he gave her some tea that
was bitter to sup,
Or perhaps it had never been
well."

PLAYING WITH FIRE

The friends of little Mary Green
Are now in deep distress,
The family will soon be seen
To wear a mournful dress.

It seems, from litter on the floor,
She had been lighting straws,
Which caught the muslin frock she wore,
A sad event to cause.

Her screams were loud and quickly heard,
And remedies applied,
But all in vain, she scarcely stirr'd
Again, before she died !

HOW TO HEAL A BURN

O, we have had a sad mishap!
As Clara lay in Nurse's lap,
Too near the fire the chair did stand—
A coal flew out and burnt her hand.

"It must have flown above the guard,
It came so quick and hit so hard;
And, would you think it? raised a blister.
O, how she cried! poor little sister!

Poor thing! I grieved to see it swell,
"What will you put to make it well?"
"Why," said Mamma, "I really think
Some scraped potato, or some ink,

"A little vinegar, or brandy,
Whichever nurse can find most handy :
All these are good, my little daughter,
But nothing's better than cold water."

MARY ANNE'S KINDNESS

How mischievous it was, when Will
Push'd his young sister down the hill,
Then ran away, a naughty boy,
Although he heard her sadly cry!

Their mother, who was walking out,
Saw the rude trick, and heard him
shout;
With gentle voice, but angry nod,
She threaten'd Willy with the rod.

But Mary Anne, afraid of this,
Begg'd they might now be friends
and kiss:
She said, "Mamma, I feel no pain,
And Willy won't do so again."

Then Willy call'd his sister "good,"
And said he "never, never would."

AMBITIOUS SOPHY

Miss Sophy, one fine sunny day,
Left her work and ran away.
When she reach'd the garden-gate,
She found it lock'd, but would not wait,
So tried to climb and scramble o'er
A gate as high as any door.

But little girls should never climb,
And Sophy won't another time ;
For when upon the highest rail,
Her frock was caught upon a nail :
She lost her hold, and, sad to tell,
Was hurt and bruised—for down she fell.

DRESSED OR UNDRESSED

When children are naughty and will not be dress'd,
Pray, what do you think is the way?
Why, often I really believe it is best
To keep them in night-clothes all day!

But then they can have no good breakfast to eat,
Nor walk with their Mother or Aunt;
At dinner they'll have neither pudding nor meat,
Nor anything else that they want.

Then who would be naughty, and sit all the day
In night-clothes unfit to be seen?
And pray, who would lose all their pudding and play,
For not being dress'd neat and clean?

MRS. BIRCH'S INFLUENCE

"INDEED you are troublesome, Anne,"
said her aunt,
"You begg'd me to bring you
abroad,
And now you are cross and pretend
that you want
To be carried the rest of the
road.

"I hope you know better than cry
in the street:
The people will think it so odd,
And if Mrs. Birch we should happen
to meet,
She will ask if we want a new
rod.

"Then dry up your tears; with a smile on your face
You will speak in a different tune.
And now you have cleverly mended your pace,
We shall both be at home very soon."

REBELLIOUS FRANCES

The babe was in the cradle laid,
And Tom had said his prayers,
When Frances told the nursery-maid
She would not go upstairs.

She cried so loud her mother came
To ask the reason why,
And said, "Oh, Frances, fie for shame!
Oh fie! Oh fie! Oh fie!"

But Frances was more naughty still,
And Betty sadly nipp'd:
Until her mother said, "I will—
I must have Frances whipp'd.

"For, oh! how naughty 'tis to cry,
But worse, much worse to fight,
Instead of running readily
And calling out, 'Good-night!'"

Kindness and Cruelty

THE HARMLESS COW

A VERY young lady,
And Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Were one day afraid.

They saw a cow feeding,
Quite harmless and still:
Yet scream'd, without heeding
The man at the mill,

Who, seeing their flutter,
Said, "Cows do no harm;
But send you good butter
And milk from the farm."

THE HARMLESS WORM

As Sally sat upon the ground,
A little crawling worm she found
Among the garden dirt ;
And when she saw the worm she scream'd,
And ran away and cried, and seem'd
As if she had been hurt.

Mamma, afraid some serious harm
Made Sally scream, was in alarm,
And left the parlour then ;
But when the cause she came to learn,
She bade her daughter back return.
To see the worm again.

The worm they found kept writhing round,
Until it sank beneath the ground;
And Sally learned that day
That worms are very harmless things,
With neither teeth, nor claws, nor stings
To frighten her away.

THE BAD DONKEY-BOY'S GOOD FORTUNE

"How can you bear to use him so,
You cruel little monkey?
Oh give him not another blow,
But spare the patient Donkey."

"I own," his mother said, "dear James,
You please me by your feeling;
But you do wrong to call him names,
Your anger too revealing."

"Well then," said James, "if what I say,
Poor Donkey, won't relieve you—
Here, boy, don't beat him all to-day,
And sixpence I will give you."

"You now behave," said she, "my
dear,
Like many much above you;
In these kind actions persevere,
And all your friends will love
you."

GRATEFUL CARLO

"Oh, do not drown that pretty thing,"
One morn I heard Matilda say—
"Do, now, untie that cruel string,
And do not drown him, Robert, pray.

"His feet, how drolly mark'd they are;
And feel his coat, as soft as silk;
Oh, let me have him, dear mamma,
And let him share my bread and milk."

Now little Carlo wagg'd his tail,
And, looking up, he seem'd to say,

"My gratitude shall never fail
To you for saving me to-day."

And some months after, so it proved,
Carlo, the grateful, strong, and brave,
His mistress (whom he dearly loved)
Deliver'd from a watery grave.

GRATEFUL LUCY

As Lucy with her mother walk'd,
She play'd and gambol'd, laugh'd and talk'd
Till, coming to the river side,
She slipp'd, and floated down the tide.

Her faithful Carlo being near,
Jump'd in to save his mistress dear;
He drew her carefully to shore,
And Lucy lives and laughs once more.

"Dear gen'rous Carlo," Lucy said,
"You ne'er shall want for meat and bread;
For every day, before I dine,
Good Carlo shall have some of mine."

GRATEFUL TRUSTY

PHILIP's playful dog was willing
  Always to be set on watch ;
When a whelp, by daily drilling,
  Trusty seldom found his match !

Philip bought him very early
  From a beggar going round,
Who, from being poor or surly,
  Said he should be "sold or drown'd."

Trusty well repaid his master
  For the care of rearing him,
For he sav'd from like disaster
  Philip, when he learn'd to swim !

SOMETHING IN STORE FOR RICHARD

Richard is a cruel boy,
The people call him "Dick,"
For every day he seems to try
Some new improper trick!

He takes delight in whipping cats
And pulling off their fur;
Although at first he gently pats,
And listens to their purr!

A naughty boy! unless he mends,
He will be told to strip,
And learn how such amusement ends
By feeling his own whip.

THE RESULT OF CRUELTY

Jack Parker was a cruel boy,
For mischief was his sole employ ;
And much it grieved his friends to find
His thoughts so wickedly inclined.

He thought it clever to deceive,
And often ramble without leave ;
And ev'ry animal he met
He dearly loved to plague and fret.

But all such boys, unless they mend,
May come to an unhappy end,
Like Jack, who got a fractured skull
Whilst bellowing at a furious bull.

Things to Eat

WHAT IS BEST FOR CHILDREN

"MAMMA, why mayn't I, when we dine,
Eat ham and goose, and drink white wine?
And pray, why may not I, like you,
Have soup and fish, and mutton too?"

"Because, my dear, it is not right
To spoil a youthful appetite;
By things unwholesome, though enjoy'd,
The infant appetite is cloy'd.

"A slice of mutton, roast or boil'd,
Or good roast beef, best suits a child;
A bread, or ground-rice, pudding too
Is food adapted well for you.

"From eating highly flavour'd things
Illness or inconvenience springs ;
You lose the love of common food,
Nor relish what will do you good."

BILLY GILL'S GOOD FORTUNE

"Come, let us play,"
Said Tommy Gay;
"Well then, what at?"
Said Simon Pratt;
"At trap and ball,"
Said Neddy Hall;
"Well, so we will,"
Said Billy Gill.

"What a hot day!"
Said Tommy Gay;
"Then let us chat,"
Said Simon Pratt;
"On yonder hill,"
Said Billy Gill.
"Ay, one and all,"
Said Neddy Hall.

Cautionary Stories

"For cakes I'll pay,"
Said Tommy Gay ;
"I'm one for that,"
Said Simon Pratt ;
"I'll bring them all,"
Said Neddy Hall ;
"And I'll sit still,"
Said Billy Gill.

"Come with me, pray,"
Said Tommy Gay ;
"Trust me for that,"
Said Simon Pratt ;
They ate them all,
Gay, Pratt, and Hall ;
And all were ill
But Billy Gill.

CIVIL SPEECH

"Give me some beer!" cried little
Jane,
At dinner-table as she sat.
Her mother said, "Pray ask again,
And in a prettier way than that.

"For 'give me that,' and 'give me
this,'
Is not the best way to be heard:
To make Ann hear, a little Miss
Must add another little word."

"Pray, give me, Ann, a glass of
beer,"
Jane blushing said—her mother
smiled:

"Now Ann will quickly bring it here,
For you ask properly, my child."

You little Misses, Masters too,
Who wish to have a share of praise,
Pray copy Jane, and always do
Directly what your mother says.

THE COOK'S REBUKE

James went to the door of the kitchen and said,
"Cook, give me this moment, some honey and bread;
Then fetch me a glass or a cup of good beer.
Why, Cook, you don't stir, and I'm sure you must hear!"

"Indeed, Master James," was the Cook's right reply,
"To answer such language I feel rather shy;
I hear you quite plainly, but wait till you choose
To civilly ask, when I shall not refuse."

Cautionary Stories

What a pity young boys should
indulge in this way,
Whilst knowing so well what is
proper to say ;
As if civil words, in a well-man-
ner'd tone,
Were learn'd to be us'd in the
parlour alone !

THE LOST PUDDING

Miss Kitty was rude at the table one day,
And would not sit still on her seat;
Regardless of all that her mother could say,
From her chair little Kitty kept running away
All the time they were eating their meat.

As soon as she saw that the beef was remov'd,
She ran to her chair in great haste;
But her mother such giddy behaviour reprov'd
By sending away the sweet pudding she lov'd,
Without giving Kitty one taste.

SAMMY SMITH'S SAD FATE

Sammy Smith would drink and eat,
From morning until night;
He filled his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

Sometimes he gave a book or toy
For apple, cake, or plum;
And grudged if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb.

Indeed he ate and drank so fast,
And used to stuff and cram,
The name they call'd him by at last
Was often Greedy Sam.

STUPID WILLIAM

William has a silly trick—
On everything his hand he lays ;
He made himself extremely sick,
One morning, by his greedy ways.

I promised him I'd write it here
(Although he owns he's much to blame),
That all may read it far and near,
Lest other boys should do the same.

No scatter'd bits his eye can pass,
He tastes and sips where'er he comes,
He empties everybody's glass,
And picks up everybody's crumbs.

Cautionary Stories

He'll not do so again, I hope:
He has been warn'd enough, I think;
For once he ate a piece of soap,
And sipp'd for wine a glass of ink.

POISONOUS FRUIT

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries, bright and red,
That hung around and overhead ;

And soon the bough they bended down,
To make the scarlet fruit their own ;
And part they ate, and part, in play,
They threw about, and flung away.

But long they had not been at home
Before poor Jane and little Tom
Were taken sick, and ill, to bed,
And since, I've heard, they both are dead.

Cautionary Stories

Alas! had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,
He might have walked with little
Jane
Again along the shady lane.

HARRY'S CAKE

"Betty, attend to what I say,
This is my little boy's birth-day;
Some sugar-plums and citron take,
And send to school a large plum-cake."

"That, madam, I will gladly do;
Harry's so good and clever too:
So let me have some wine and spice.
For I would make it very nice."

When it arriv'd, the little boy
Laugh'd, sang, and jump'd about for joy;
But, ah! how griev'd I am to say,
He did not give a bit away.

He *ate*, and *ate*, and *ate* his fill,
No wonder that it made him ill ;
Pain in his stomach and his head
Oblig'd him soon to go to bed.

Oh ! long he lay, and griev'd the
while,
Order'd by Dr. Camomile
Such physic, and so much to take,
He now can't bear the name of cake.

PETER'S CAKE

Peter Careful had a cake
Which his kind mamma did bake ;
Of butter, eggs, and currants made,
And sent to Peter—*carriage paid.*

"Now," said Peter, "they shall see,
Wiser than Harry I will be ;
For I will keep my cake in store,
And that will make it last the more."

He, like Harry (sad to say),
Did not give a bit away,
But, miser-like, the cake he locks
With all his playthings in his box.

And sometimes silently he'd go,
When all he thought engag'd below,
To eat a *very little* piece,
For fear his treasure should decrease.

When next he went (it makes me
laugh)
He found the mice had eaten half,
And what remain'd, though once a
treat,
So mouldy, 'twas not fit to eat.

WILLIAM'S CAKE

Young William Goodchild was a
boy
Who lov'd to give his playmates joy;
And when his mother sent *his* cake,
Rejoic'd for his companions' sake.

"Come round," he cried, "each
take a slice,
Each have his proper share of
ice;
We'll eat it up among us, here:
My birth-day comes but once a
year."

A poor blind man, who came that
way,
His violin began to play;

But though he play'd, he did not speak,
And tears ran slowly down his cheek.

"What makes you weep?" young William cried.
"I'm poor and hungry," he replied,
"For food and home I'm forced to play,
But I have eaten nought to-day."

"Poor man!" said William, "half my share
Remains, which I will gladly spare;
I wish 'twas larger for your sake,
So take this penny and the cake."

I need not ask each youthful breast
Which of these boys you like the best;
Let goodness, then, incitement prove,
And imitate the boy you love.

HOW TO MAKE A CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Now, little Sophy, come with me,
To make a pudding you shall see ;
Now sit quite still, and see me
do it ;
See, here's the flour and the suet.

The suet must be chopped quite
small,
For it should scarce be seen at all ;
A pound of each will nicely suit,
To which I put two pounds of fruit.

One is of currants, one of plums
(You'll find it good when boiled it
comes) ;
Then almonds, sugar, citron, spice,
And peel, will make it very nice.

Now see me stir and mix it well,
And then we'll leave the rest to
Nell;
Now see, the pudding-cloth she
flours,
Ties it, and boils it full five hours.

THE END

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UNLESS you are very keenly set upon reading to yourself, I think I should advise you to ask some one to read these pieces aloud, not too many at a time. And I want you to understand that there is a kind of poetry that is finer far than anything here: poetry to which this book is, in the old-fashioned phrase, simply a "stepping-stone." When you feel, as I hope some day you will feel, that these pages no longer satisfy, then you must turn to the better thing.

E. V. L.

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